

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 981.—VOL. XIX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

PRICE 1½d.

BRAIN-POWER.

We are supposed to live in an age when brute-force has ceased to rule, and when brain-power alone is the governing agent. In the good old days, the heavy, strong-armed knight, protected by his impenetrable armour, and skilled in the use of his sword, was almost invincible. A little nearer our own day, the skilled swordsman or dead-shot whose ultimatum was the duel, ruled to a certain extent the society in which he moved. To test which was the most powerful knight, was an easy matter; for a combat between the rivals was easily arranged, and the result was seldom questionable; or if it were uncertain, the relative powers were supposed to be equal.

In the present day, however, the question of brain-power is a far more difficult problem. We cannot weigh brains as we can tea or sugar; we cannot determine their mental capacity as we could the physical powers of knights of old, by setting two of them opposite each other and leaving them to fight it out. We have, however, arranged various tests which we suppose give us a correct estimate of the brain-power of various individuals. These tests may be better than none at all; yet they are far from being perfect; consequently, we too often by such means select men to do work for which they are quite unsuited, and to fill offices for which they have no capacity.

The present is an age of competitive examinations, yet these afford but an imperfect test of brain-power; for after a time, competitive examinations become less and less efficient as true tests of intelligence, and sink into a sort of official routine. As examples, we will take the following cases. Brown is the son of an Indian officer who died when his boy was ten years old, and left his widow badly off. Young Brown is intended for the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; but his mother's means do not enable her to send him to a first-class 'crammer's,' so he has to sit beneath the average schoolmaster. He works hard and thinks a great deal, and gains a fair

knowledge of the subjects he is required to learn. He goes up to the competitive examination at Woolwich, and finds each question so complicated, that he is utterly puzzled; and when the results of the examination are made known, Brown is nearly last on the list.

On the other hand, Smith is the son of a wealthy tradesman who wishes his son to enter as a cadet at Woolwich. Young Smith is sent early in life to a successful 'crammer's,' to be fattened with knowledge as turkeys are crammed for Christmas. The crammer does not confine his attention to teaching his pupils; but he watches the examination papers set at Woolwich, and he finds that the examiners have each a peculiar 'fad,' and set their questions in a sort of rotation. He looks carefully over these, and he forms a kind of estimate of the questions which are likely to be set at any particular examination. He therefore trains his pupils for these questions, and is often so successful in his predictions, that at least half the questions have been worked out by these pupils a week before the examination; and this result is obtained without any collusion between the crammer and the examiner. On one occasion that we know of, seven questions out of a paper of thirteen were predicted as 'due;' and the pupils consequently of this crammer were most successful at this 'competitive.' Young Smith is thus trained, and passes say fifth out of a long list, and is considered, as far as this test is concerned, to possess brain-power far beyond that of the unfortunate Brown, who was nearly last in this same examination.

Twenty years elapse, and Smith and Brown meet. Smith has jogged on in the usual routine; he may have never either said or done a foolish thing. Brown, on the other hand, is a man of wide reputation, has written clever books, and done many clever things; yet people who know his early history say how strange it was that he was so stupid when he was young, for he was ignominiously 'spun' at Woolwich!

Those who thus speak, imagine that the

examination at which Smith succeeded, and Brown failed, was a test of their brain-power. It was in reality nothing of the kind; it was merely a test of the relative experience of those who trained Smith and Brown.

Even thus far it will be evident that our present supposed tests are not infallible; but we will go even further, and will examine the actual work itself which is supposed to be the great test of mental capacity, and we can divide this work into two classes—namely, acquired knowledge, and the power to reason. In nearly every case, the training which enables a youth to pass a competitive examination belongs to the first class—acquired knowledge. It consists of a knowledge of mathematical rules and formulae, classics, modern languages, history, and geography. Mathematics, if properly taught, and especially geometry, tends to strengthen the mind and fit it to reason; but it too often happens that a youth is crammed with mathematics for a particular examination, and he has not mentally digested what he has thus been crammed with; and consequently, instead of his mind having been strengthened by this process, it has in reality become weakened; and ten or fifteen years after the examination, the man—then in his maturity—derives no advantage from his formerly acquired knowledge, because he has forgotten it. He merely suffers from the mental repletion of his younger days, and dislikes mathematics; just as a pastry-cook's boy is said to abhor tarts and buns, because he was crammed with them when he first was placed among such temptations.

A knowledge of modern languages is useful to those who travel, or who wish to become acquainted with the literature of other countries; but as a test of brain-power, the acquisition of any language fails. There is no language in use which is based on anything but arbitrary rules; reason has no influence on languages. The selection in French, for example, of masculines and feminines is most unreasonable. Why should a chair in French be given petticoats, and a stool placed in breeches? Why should the sun be considered masculine, and the moon feminine? In German, the same arbitrary rules exist—the masculines, feminines, and neuters have no reason to guide them. Take a child of five years old, and a clever man of twenty-five—let each use only the same exertion to acquire a knowledge of any spoken language, and the child will easily excel the man. This is because ear, and the memory derived from ear, are the means by which languages are acquired. Reason enables us to predict what is probable, when we know that which has previously occurred. If, then, we informed a reasoning individual that a chair, an article made of wood, with four legs, was feminine in French, and then called his attention to a stool, an article made of wood, with four legs, and inquired to what gender he considered the stool belonged, he would naturally conclude that it also was feminine; but a stool (*tabouret*) is masculine in French.

Then, again, the pronunciation of words is purely arbitrary. Take our own language, for example, and such words as plough, enough, cough, dough, bough, rough, &c. Where does reason enter into the pronunciation of such words?

What power of intellect would enable us to pronounce 'cough' correctly, even though we knew how 'bough' was spoken? Yet, in spite of these unreasonable laws, classics and modern languages are not unusually referred to, not as stored knowledge, but as tests of mental power. As a rule, it is not the reasoner, or person gifted with great brain-power, who the most quickly learns a language, but the superficial thinker, gifted with ear; and these superficial people are the first to quiz any error made, when a speaker attempts to converse in a foreign language.

We may fairly divide the subjects employed in modern mental training into those which store, and those which strengthen the mind. Languages; a knowledge of history and geography; the facts connected with various sciences, such as chemistry, electricity, astronomy, &c., are stores; but not one of these does more than store the mind. Men's minds were stored with a certain number of astronomical facts when Galileo attempted to revive the olden belief that the earth rotated; but their minds had not been strengthened, as it was the leading astronomers who most offered opposition to him. Several men with stored minds were the great opponents of Stephenson when he talked about travelling twenty miles an hour on a railroad. So that it appears that no matter how well a mind may be stored, if it is incapable of judging correctly on a novelty, it cannot be called a strong mind.

Our competitive examinations tend almost entirely to bring to the front those whose minds are the best stored, and many persons therefore have come to the conclusion that by such a course we have obtained for our various services what are termed 'the cleverest youths.' It does not, however, follow that this result has been obtained. The greatest brain-power may actually be low down in the list of a competitive examination in which stored knowledge alone has been requisite. There is a certain advantage to be gained by storing the mind with facts, and some people imagine that a knowledge of these facts indicates an educated and strong mind. It, however, merely proves that the mind has been stored; it does not prove it to have been strengthened. We may know what Caesar did under certain conditions; how Alfred the Great organised his police so that he could hang bracelets of value on signposts without fearing that highwaymen would steal them; and a multitude of other similar facts may have been stored in our minds; but any quantity of such stores would not enable an individual to solve the present Irish difficulty, unless he could find in the past an exactly similar case which had been treated successfully by some particular system.

It is even now considered that by making a boy pass through a long course of mathematics or classics, and then testing his acquired knowledge by an examination, we adopt the best method of obtaining the greatest brain-power. We may derive an advantage, supposing mathematics or classics are requisite in the future career of the boy; but as a test of brain-power and perseverance, we would much sooner select the boy who could the most rapidly and most certainly solve a three-move chess problem. And if mathematics are not required in the future career of a boy, it would be equally as unreasonable to

devote three years to the solution of chess problems, as it is to devote a like period to the solution of the higher branches of mathematics. In both instances, the mental exercise is supposed to be for the purpose of strengthening the mind, and the chess problems are certainly as efficient as the mathematical. It is not unusual to find a profound mathematician who is particularly dull in all other subjects, and who fails to comprehend any simple truth which cannot be presented to him in a mathematical form; and as there are a multitude of truths which cannot be treated mathematically, a mere mathematician has but a limited orbit.

A chess-player, again, or a solver of chess problems, has always to deal with pieces of a constant value; thus, the knight, bishop, pawn, &c., are of constant values, so that his combinations are not so very varied. A whist-player, however, has in each hand not only cards which vary in value according to what is trump, but during the play of the hand, the cards themselves vary in value; thus, a ten may, after one round of a suit, become the best card in that suit. Brain-power independent of stored knowledge is therefore more called into action by a game of whist than it is by mathematics, chess, or classics; consequently, whilst mathematicians and classical scholars may be found in multitudes, a really first-class whist-player is a rarity; and if we required an accurate test of relative brain-power, we should be far more likely to obtain correct results by an examination in whist, than we should by an examination in mathematics. In the latter, cramming might supply the place of intelligence; in the former, no amount of cramming could guard against one-tenth of the conditions. A first-rate mathematician may on other subjects be stupid; a first-class whist-player is rarely if ever stupid on original matters requiring judgment.

A very large amount of the elements of success consists in the advantages with which an individual may start in life, and over which he himself may have no control. The case of Smith and Brown already referred to may serve to illustrate this fact. When conclusions are arrived at relative to hereditary genius, these advantages may be considered. The son of a judge becomes a judge, and we may claim hereditary genius as the cause. We should, however, be scarcely justified in assuming hereditary genius because the son of a general officer became this general's aide-de-camp. A general officer with five thousand efficient troops gains a complete victory over fifteen thousand indifferently armed savages, and he is looked upon as a hero. Another general with a like number of men is defeated by an army of ten thousand well-armed but unsoldier-like-looking men, and he is regarded as a failure; and yet of the two, the defeated army may have possessed the better general. In order, therefore, to judge of the relative powers of two individuals, we must take into consideration all the advantages or difficulties with which each starts in life, or in any undertaking. The relative success is by no means the only criterion from which to judge of capacity, any more than it would be correct to judge of the capacity of two whist-players, when one held four by honours and six trumps,

and his adversary held a necessarily poor hand.

In the great battle of life, these conditions are perpetually interfering with the results to be derived from the relative value of brain-power, and are so numerous as to have an extensive influence. For example, a man possessing great brain-power has succeeded in attaining an official position of eminence. He selects a nephew or particular friend to be his assistant. We have competed with this assistant in various things, and there is no doubt as to his inferiority. Time goes on, and this assistant succeeds to the post of his relative merely from what may be called departmental claims, and he is *ex officio* supposed to be possessed of the talents and knowledge which appertain to his post. Our opinion, if opposed to that of the official, will by the superficial outsiders be considered valueless; yet ours may be correct, and that of our opponent erroneous. It is by such means that very feeble men often occupy official scientific positions to which they are by no means entitled in consequence of their intelligence.

When such an event occurs, an immense amount of damage is done to the cause of truth and real science, because the individual thus raised by personal interest to the position of a scientific judge or referee, too often fails to judge of a question on its merits, and condemns it if it be not in accordance with routine. A question thus disposed of, is very difficult to again bring into notice without prejudice. There is no doubt that even among the so-called educated people, the majority possess only stored minds, and are incapable, consequently, of reasoning on any problem, other than by bringing to bear on it their stock of knowledge, which probably, granting the problem is original, will not apply. No educated person doubts that the earth is a sphere; but few of these can prove that it is so by means of facts with which they are acquainted, though a simple law of geometry is able to prove the fact.

The average occupations of young men require nothing more than stored minds and powers of observation; consequently, our competitive examinations serve to some extent to bring to the front such qualifications. But it is not among such that we obtain our discoverers, inventors, great statesmen, or good generals. The mere routine man will almost invariably bring about a disaster when he has novel conditions to deal with; and as a rule, the routine youth comes out best at an examination.

At the present time, we have apparently no accurate test by which to measure the relative brain-power of individuals. Competitive examinations cannot do so, for the reasons that we have stated. Success in life is, again, dependent on so many influences quite outside of the individual, that this success is no test. The accumulation of money—that is, 'getting rich'—is too often but the results of selfishness and cruel bargains, and cannot be invariably accepted as a proof of brain-power.

Considering these facts, therefore, it appears that just as intellect is invisible, so the relative power of intellect is unmeasurable; and instead of forming hasty conclusions as to the relative powers of two men, from the results of examina-

tions, we may perceive that by such means we may be selecting those only who, under certain conditions, have succeeded in storing their minds with the facts required for that examination.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XL.—‘GERARD,’ HIS MOTHER HAD SAID, LOOKING WITH AN AWFUL FOREBODING FEAR AT HIS FACE, ‘YOU WILL BEAR IT FOR YOUR FATHER’S SAKE. THERE ARE THINGS WORTH LIVING FOR YET.’

AND so in the race of love Val Strange won, and Gerard Lumby lost. After the one great outburst of grief, Gerard took things quietly, so very quietly, that those who knew him thought it dangerous. The wedding-party at Lumby Hall broke, as may be easily imagined, into most admired disorder, and took its devious way homeward in much astonishment, indignation, and sympathy.

From the time of her first coming to the county, Constance had been unable to secure the favourable verdict of the feminine population. It would be perhaps too cheap a satire to say that she outshone them all, and to find in that the sole reason for her unpopularity. She was not prouder than other women; but somehow she looked proud, and her beautiful face and figure wore a seeming of haughtiness which was quite an accident of aspect, and had nothing to do with her nature. The ladies, then, went away with a very dreadful impression of her. The graver scandals her elopement might have caused were set at rest by the arrival of a message from her husband. Val had started with a special license in his pocket, and they had been married the day after their flight; not at Swansea, but at a little village on the coast where he had a friend who was a clergyman. Five hundred pounds seems an absurdly large sum to have offered as a bribe to Constance’s maid; but the fact was that Constance had flatly refused to move without her, and Mary’s obstinacy had driven Val almost to his wits’ end. And he was so eager, that, to secure his purpose, ten times the sum would have seemed nothing to him. He gave little Mary the cheque after the wedding; but she did not know what to do with it, and was so miserable and frightened when she thought of facing Hiram, that Constance kept her, and they sailed away together, first to Ireland, and afterwards to the Mediterranean. Val, in a letter to Mr Jolly, proposed to make settlements so liberal upon his wife, that the old gentleman, when the first shock was over, began to regard the matter even complacently. The girl had got married any way, though it had scarcely been done becomingly. And she had married the wealthiest man in the county after all; and what was done being done, Mr Jolly felt it better to say no more about it, but to take the good provided, to ignore the discomforts attendant upon it, and be thankful. But being a man who in all things consulted the dignities and decencies of life, he feigned at first to be stricken quite through and through with grief, and sold the lately-purchased Grange. It was given out that he was quite heart-broken; but he made

a reasonable profit on the transaction, and was back in Paris in a fortnight from the date of his daughter’s flight, strolling gaily along the asphalt, and enjoying himself hugely as a widower at large.

Mrs Lumby had at first dreaded the shock this new disaster would probably bring to her husband’s weakened mind. But he, reading Gerard’s quietude wrongly, was less perturbed than she had feared, and indeed accepted the evil with an equanimity of resignation which would have been impossible to him in the days of mental and physical health. Even Gerard’s heart was a little comforted in a little while by the failure of the blow to wound his father. For himself, he bore the blow with amazing fortitude; but those who knew most of him liked his quiet least. To his father and mother and to Milly, and even to the servants, he was gentle and quiet, but there was a resolved sternness in his manner, beneath its gentleness, which was new and alarming. But there was only one who had real warrant for knowing what the quiet of his demeanour covered. This was Hiram.

The terrible night of Hiram’s disclosure Gerard passed alone.

‘Gerard,’ his mother had said, looking with an awful foreboding fear at his face, ‘you will bear it for your father’s sake. There are things worth living for yet.’

‘Yes,’ he answered; ‘there are things worth living for.’ But the foreboding haunted his mother’s heart all night, and she lay praying and trembling, and scarcely dared to own her fear even to herself. There are terrors to which even in the recesses of our own hearts we dare scarce give form, and this was one of them. In the morning, when Hiram’s story, which had never seemed to need any confirmation, was confirmed, Gerard rang his bell, and summoned last night’s messenger to his dressing-room.

‘What set you upon the scent?’ he asked. ‘Or did you find it out by accident?’ His face was gray and hard, like stone, and Hiram had scarcely the heart to answer him.

‘The first thing was,’ he responded after a pause, ‘a portrait I saw in his portmanteau the day he came here.’

‘A portrait?’ said Gerard. ‘Whose portrait?’

‘Miss Jolly’s,’ said Hiram, fearing to pronounce the name, but being compelled to answer.

‘I suppose,’ said Gerard, ‘that the portmanteau is still here?’

‘I believe it is,’ said Hiram.

‘Let me see it,’ said Gerard, rising. ‘Is the portrait still there?’—Hiram could not say.—‘Let us see,’ his master said; and turning to the door, led the way to the room Val Strange had occupied. ‘Open it!’—glancing at the portmanteau. Hiram obeyed, and tumbled the things over. The portrait was gone, but the envelope was there still, and Hiram held it up.

‘It was in this,’ he said.

Gerard took it from his outstretched hand, and turned it over, and read the inscription—‘Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.’ A short hard laugh escaped him, and he folded the envelope with great care and put it in his pocket-book. But half-a-dozen times in the course of the day, Hiram saw him looking at it with an expression which betokened no

good for the writer of the line. 'Go on,' he said coldly, when he had put back his pocket-book with the envelope in it. Hiram told the story as we know it.

'Is there a gentleman in your case too?' asked Gerard. 'Are we in the same boat, Search?'

'I don't like his way of takin' it at all,' said Hiram to himself, returning no audible answer to that cynical inquiry. 'It looks mischeevous.'

'If there should prove to be a gentleman in your case, what shall you do, Search?' asked Gerard.

Hiram liked his tone and manner less than ever. 'I shall let him slide,' he said, 'and I shall think myself well out of a bad bargain.'

'I shan't let him slide, Search,' said Gerard, very very softly. He had a hand on Hiram's arm, and gripped it so that he made him wince. There was not another word spoken between them; and Gerard, though Hiram saw him several times reading the line on the frayed envelope, never recurred to the subject.

It need scarcely be said that the names of the runaways were never spoken in his presence, or that in spite of that fact they were much talked of. Many a time the sound of Gerard's solid step hushed the talk of his mother and Milly; but the young fellow's stony face never gave a sign that he knew the theme of their converse. Many and many an unspeakable pang his loyal heart suffered, but after the one outburst he hid everything. There was much to trouble his mother in those hard days; but she took everything as women do, with that sublime and quiescent heroism which is the best of their many virtues. A good wife and mother—how shall she be praised? Not—though the wise man of old so praised her—that she seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands, and, like the merchant's ships, bringeth her food from afar; but yet as the wise man praised her, that the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and that her children have a right to arise and call her blessed. Though she feared for Gerard, in the unnatural calm he bore, she was yet not without pride in him. He was a man, this baby she had nursed. Oh, quaint and sweet and pitiful! she remembered—she saw—the infant almost every time she looked at the man, and had just such a tenderness for him now as she had when she nursed him, and no less a desire to protect and defend him. It was one of the poor soul's griefs that she could protect and defend him no longer. Mothers suffer in that way. And yet she was proud that her son bore his grief manfully, and stood under Fate's heaviest inflictions in this rock-like calm, that would not move till riven. Amongst her griefs was one which I must needs indicate; but I leave it with an indication and no more. From the time of Constance's flight, Gerard refused to set foot in a church, or to sit at that decent ordinance of family worship which had always formed one of the household ways. In other matters, he did with a certain heaviness and solidity of manner, as though it were a task, what he had once done gracefully and naturally. He was much alone, riding solitary over the moors and about the coast. He liked to have Hiram with him at times; but he very rarely spoke to him.

The gaunt Yankee could ride as well as he could do anything else, and he used to hang a little behind his master, mounted on a nervous finicking thoroughbred, ruling him with half-unconscious skilful hand, whilst he kept his eyes for the most part fixed on the figure ahead of him. The whole countryside became familiar with Gerard, riding lonely, or paired with Hiram; and the general sympathy was loud on his side, and deep in its condemnation of Val Strange.

And now from purpling moors, and fields yellowing to the sickle, and a sky of English haze, let us get to the Mediterranean and join the wedded lovers. The sea is of that perfect blue which only lives in its waters. Every slow-heaving wave that falls against the vessel's side looks hollowed from some transcendent liquid jewel—the colour of the sapphire is shallow by the side of it—and every time the crest tumbles over, it shakes and breaks into diamonds. The sunlight rains down a million little arrowy points of light upon the waters. There is land on each side, if those purple cloud-like fantasies that seem to rise and fall at such vast distances are really of the earth and earthy.

Val and Constance are lolling near each other on the deck, in cane-chairs, sheltered from the sun-god's too savage courtship of the sea by a canvas awning.

'You are sad, Val,' said Constance, looking up from her book.

'Not I,' said Val, brightening a little, and withdrawing his eyes from some dreamland in which, to judge by his looks, he had seen unpleasant things. 'Why should I be sad?' His looks caressed her as he turned to her.

'Who knows?' she said, and lay back silent for a while.

'You are not sad, are you?' he asked after a pause.

'No,' she answered with a ghost of a smile.

'Why should I be sad?'

'Like a good wife,' said Val, 'you base your reasoning on mine.'

She smiled faintly in answer, and again they were silent. But in real truth they were both sad, and there was a reason for their sadness. If a man sins, however sweetly, he is pretty sure to suffer for it; and now Val's own scorn was master of him, and in proportion to the very virtues left in him, he suffered. He was never altogether free of Gerard's face, and the accusations it had power to bring against him. A dull man sins with comparative impunity. An imaginative man, who has a heart to feel his own imaginations, suffers out of all proportion, and is yet justly served, inasmuch as he has sinned more deeply, having the more virtue in him to sin against, and seeing beforehand whither he is bound. And so Val and Constance, having sacrificed so much in order to be happy, were unhappy after all. Alas, it was always so. Of what avail can it be to preach a sermon here? There is no royal road to happiness, along which no pains shall be endured.

Constance arose, and looked over the little vessel's side at the sparkling waters; and after a while, Val joined her.

'This is all very wonderfully beautiful,' she said, with a little wave of her white hand.

'Yes,' Val assented.

'What is that splendid jewel out there?' she asked. 'I suppose when we come nearer, we shall find it a mere rocky island. What is it called?'

'I don't know, darling,' said Val drearily.

'Get out your sailing-maps,' she said, striving to occupy his thoughts, 'and let us find the names of the places we are passing.'

Val obeyed her; and having descended to the cabin, returned with a roll of charts, laid them on a table, had a brief talk with his sailing-master, and having discovered the position of the yacht, began to name the islands here and there. Constance with forced animation stood over him and assisted in the search. He looked up suddenly, and their eyes met. Val dropped his gaze and walked to the side again; and as Constance bent above the charts, a tear fell upon them. She could not please, she could not soothe him; she had no power to exorcise this demon of regret. She left the deck and went below; and Val having hung a while over the rail, turned and missed her. He began to fold up the charts, and saw the great starred tear-drop on one of them, and his heart fell lower and lower. Somewhat sullenly, he lit a cigar and paced to and fro upon the deck. He loved her with his whole heart; there was nothing he would not do to make her happy, if he could but see his way to it. He was sure of her love in turn, and yet they were both moody, both unhappy.

The French cynic proclaimed that two things were essential to happiness—a hard heart and a good digestion. Though I should be inclined to widen the list a little, I do not think I should quarrel with the essentials. A hard heart is a great help to personal comfort. If you can pass a shivering beggar in a snow-storm and feel your own broadcloth no reproach to you, that is in its way a gain. Perhaps—human nature is perverse—perhaps you would rather be without the gain, though not, in spite of pity, without the broadcloth. This life is but a twisted skein for a man with a conscience. With a hard heart, great gift, you may push through the thin filamental knots almost without an effort. If they are made of human nerves, the nerves are not yours. What resolute creature, bent on happiness, can be stopped upon his way by cobwebs?

But here were two people of more than common tenderness, and they suffered. The very narrowness of the life which, in the double egotism of their love, they sought to live, added to their miseries, and made ennui and regret inevitable. It would have been wiser to have looked for a refuge in society than in this loneliness; but though both of them knew this, neither of them altogether cared to say it.

In a while, little Mary came on deck to tell her master that dinner was laid in the cabin; and he descended. Fish and flesh of the daintiest, fruits, and wines of famous vintage; and love at the table too, with manly grace and feminine beauty, and yet no joy in anything. They came on deck again, and found the awning cleared away, and a Mediterranean sunset in the skies. A miracle of colour from zenith to horizon, and the purpled rosy golden glory flushing, though more faintly, to the very east. But in the west from which they fled, the dying sun

was clothed in splendours which were past all speech, and all the fiery solemn regalities of colour in the sky were imaged in the heaving sea upon a million broken mirrors. From form to form, from tone to tone, from gradual change to change, the glory stole downward into gloom, till here and there, amid the shadowed wrack of skyey gallery and tower, a clear star shimmered, and the day was dead, and night unrolled her own calm panorama. Now there were voices in the waves, and murmurs in the air, and mystery and darkness were abroad. The sad-hearted wedded lovers paced together on the deck, until the moon arose, to build a new city in the clouds, with many a long-drawn parapet and frowning battlement. There are hours when every mood of Nature's suits the soul, and these were of them. Val and Constance paused, hidden by the little deck-house from the man who held the wheel. They were all alone, and all the world to each other, but they embraced with tears, and cheek touched cheek coldly. There was a cry in the heart of each—*my fault!*

'You know I love you,' he murmured with melancholy tenderness. 'How can I make you happy?'

'There is but one way,' she answered, clinging to him. 'Let me see *you* happy!'

Sad embraces followed. The prescription was one he had no power to fulfil, and they both knew it.

It was at Corfu that they first received English letters. There was one from Reginald to Val, which said simply: 'SIR—My opinion of your conduct is probably of little value to you, though you do me the honour to solicit it, and to offer what seems intended as a defence of your own proceedings. Perhaps, however, I shall indicate it clearly enough if I express my desire to hear no more of you.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, REGINALD JOLLY.' This stung the recipient a little, but not much. A kinder farewell would have been bitterer to him, for he was one of those men who harden at reproof, but melt at pardon. There was a letter for Constance from her father, in which he, from a heart metaphorically bleeding and broken, quite forgave her. He would rejoice, he said, to welcome her back again to that torn and shattered organ, and was at present living in Paris, where he would be delighted at any time to see her. The emotional gymnastics of this epistle had no effect upon the reader. She handed it to her husband, who, not being even yet so depressed that all humour was dull to him, chuckled above it with a half-hollow enjoyment. But Aunt Lucretia wrote a letter, which bore upon its pages the marks of tears, and in it, with many cruel upbraidings, she told Constance how the news had been brought to Lumby Hall, and how Gerard had received it. Constance would fain have left this letter unread, but the lines seemed somehow to fascinate her, and she could not get away from them.

'What is it troubles you?' her husband asked her, standing near whilst she read, crying and sobbing.—She held the letter out to him.—'May I read it?' he said.

'Yes,' she answered, rising in a sudden tempest. 'It was your doing. Read it.' And with that, she swept from the room, dropped her veil, and walked out of the hotel, angry with herself, angry with him, and bitterly remorseful.

Val obeyed her injunction, and felt the sting of it before he had gone far. 'She was right,' he said, standing with drooping head, with the letter at his feet, and his hands depending nervelessly over it. 'It was my doing, and the punishment belongs to both of us.' From that hour the unhappy wedded pair had no power to comfort or console each other. They went on to Constantinople in a wretched reserve, broken by bickerings which ended in reconciliations, but always left the breach between them a little wider. At one of the Pera hotels, Constance met friends of hers, who received her with great cordiality, and with them she and Val crossed over to Cairo. The rainy season came on, and Val gave the party yacht-room, and carried them to Naples, where they proposed to winter. The yacht hung in the bay, and for a brief month or two Constance threw herself into the pleasures of society, and was acknowledged the reigning beauty of the place. Val took to short absences, little regretted on either side; and at last with simple coldness, outwardly, though with the frost of downright despair in their hearts, they parted at Christmas-time, and Val sailed alone up the gloomy Adriatic to Venice, and left it disgusted in eight-and-forty hours, and sailed back to the Mediterranean, and everywhere carried his broken hopes and his remorses with him.

About the end of January, Gerard was on a visit, when some people unknown to him, and knowing nothing of his story, came to stay in the same house with him. One of them told the tale of Mr Strange's curious desertion of his charming wife. Mrs Strange was fascinating all the world of Naples, and Mr Strange was yachting about alone—at that time of year too, and was it not extraordinary?

'Hiram,' said Gerard that evening, 'I shall want you to come with me to London to-morrow.'

Hiram quietly assented, and began to get things ready for the journey.

'If that man's come back again,' said the watchful body-guard, looking at his master's face, 'I shall have to keep a pretty sharp look-out to hold you out of mischief. I've got my score against Valentine Strange, Esquire; but I ain't goin' to see you hanged for him, mister. Not if I dog you like a shadder!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

OUR readers need hardly be ashamed if they are not well acquainted with the existence and whereabouts of Bangalore, for not every intelligent Briton is so geographically enlightened. On my return home, I took up my abode at a certain watering-place, and of course one of my first duties was to apprise my friends abroad of my safe arrival. Accordingly, I wrote a letter, and carried it to the post-office, where I inquired the price of the postage to Bangalore. The official looked at me dumfounded, and speedily reduced me to a similar condition when he made the Scotch reply: 'Bangalore! Where is it? Is it in the West Indies or the East?' I had not been many months in the country when I found

that this post-office official was not the only one who had a hazy idea as to the whereabouts of Bangalore.

Well, then, Bangalore is a large city in Southern India, with two hundred thousand inhabitants, situated about two hundred miles inland from Madras, the European capital of the Mysore country, a large military cantonment, and one of the most beautiful and delightful stations in all India. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as 'Bangalore the strong, the happy, the holy city;' and here I cannot help paying a tribute to the genius of the great novelist. In the *Surgeon's Daughter*, the plot of which is laid in India, he describes the country over which he carries his heroine and her deliverer, stretching from Madras to Seringapatam, as minutely and accurately as if he had himself traversed the whole route, and looked down from its heights upon every plateau and every city. It was my good fortune some years ago to live in Bangalore, and I have some recollections that may be not uninteresting, connected with this Indian city.

War gives dreadful prominence to localities. A little town remains buried for centuries in peace and obscurity, until a great battle is fought near it; and then its name is echoed to the ends of the earth, and it henceforth finds a place on the pages of history. Who ever heard of Sadowa until a few years ago, when the Austrian forces were crushed beneath its walls; and not many people knew anything about Sedan until the bugle sounding from its ramparts proclaimed to the astonished world that the French Emperor and his army had surrendered. And even the wretched kraals of Zululand were made famous through the surgings of war, disaster, and victory. Thus it was that war made the names and places of the Mysore country very familiar to our grandfathers, as the spot where our great Wellington was then winning his first laurels. For thirty years and more we waged war against Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib; and although at last victory was ours, and we effectually destroyed that proud and cruel Moslem dynasty, it was not until after many hard-contested fights, and not a few humiliating reverses.

One of these Mysore fortified cities, and the second in importance, was Bangalore. It is situated about two miles distant from the present English cantonment. The Fort and *pettah* were stormed and taken by the English under Lord Cornwallis in 1791. A monument to the memory of the fallen stands opposite to one of the gates, and its inscription tells us that Colonel Moorhouse and other gallant officers and soldiers fell on the very spot at the 'storming of Bangalore.' The Fort still presents a very imposing appearance. With its deep morass and massive ramparts, and innumerable turrets and loopholes, one would have imagined that

although it could not stand against the monster guns of our day, yet it might have made a more stubborn resistance than it did against the British troops in those olden times of a very imperfect artillery. But I suppose that fortune favoured the brave then, as she does still. In this Fort of Bangalore is one of the famous palaces of Tippoo Saib, his favourite residence during the lifetime of his father. It is now very much in ruins, but even these still tell of the barbaric splendour of the Moslem ruler. Here was enacted the tragedy so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in the work already alluded to, when the arch-traitor Scotchman was revealed by Hyder Ali and put to an instant cruel death.

In this connection, I was told the following romantic incident by an old general officer at Bangalore. Many years ago, a landed proprietor in a midland county of Scotland, whom we shall call Stewart of Stewartfield, was outlawed for homicide, and disappeared from the country, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. Time rolled on; and there being still no tidings of the outlaw, his estate was placed under judicial custody, for the benefit of his representatives. After the lapse of many years, the property was claimed by a near relative, who became proprietor, and who, in default of direct proof of the outlaw's death, is said to have tendered, on affidavit, the following circumstantial evidence of it, as related by the late Colonel Campbell of the 74th Highlanders.

When Seringapatam was invested by the English forces in 1791, after the defeat of Tippoo Saib's army at the battle of Mallavelly, the Sultan sued for peace. Accordingly, a meeting of Commissioners was arranged to take place within a garden-house in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, to draw up a treaty. The Commissioners met; and while their proceedings were being engrossed, Colonel Campbell, who was one of the British Commissioners, sat intently gazing at the Mohammedan Commissioner who sat opposite to him at the table. At length he exclaimed half-aloud to Colonel Edington, another Commissioner: 'If Stewart of Stewartfield is alive, that's the man;' pointing at the same time to his Mohammedan *vis-à-vis*. Although the remark must have been heard by the Mohammedan Commissioner, he made no sign; but on the breaking up of the conference, and as Colonel Campbell was leaving the room, a voice whispered in English from behind him: 'Don't look round, or it may cost me my life; but meet me alone, outside the — sally-gate at midnight to-morrow.' Notwithstanding the warning, Colonel Campbell was startled by the occurrence, and involuntarily looked round, and saw the same grave Mohammedan Commissioner, whom he had suspected to be Stewart of Stewartfield, moving off in an opposite direction. Campbell kept the tryst at the spot named; but the other party, whoever he was, never appeared. Cautious inquiries were subsequently instituted about the individual in question; but nothing was elicited; nor was he again seen or heard of by any of the British officers to whom his features had previously been familiar. It was surmised that his communication with the English officer in his own tongue

had been overheard, and that probably he had been assassinated as a traitor—the fate he anticipated.

Not once, but several times have I seen a Scotchman inadvertently revealing himself under the garb of a Turk. A few years ago, a venerable Mussulman was to be seen daily in the cool of the evening taking his solitary drive along the sea-beach at Madras in his palanquin carriage. Of course he was looked upon as a genuine son of the Prophet, until one day he was taken aback, as many people are, by the exorbitant demand made upon him in a European shop for some European article. His indignant feelings laughed at his disguise, and asserted their nationality in the strong Scotch expression: 'Gude save us; it's no worth a bawbee!' When on my way home, and when on board a small Turkish steamer in the Bay of Alexandria, we were having our luggage passed by two Turkish custom officers. I scanned the features of one of them, and ventured to say to my friend Major F—, standing beside me: 'If I were a betting-man, I would stake something upon that Turk being a Scotchman.' The official heard me; and with a cunning leer, he turned to his companion, and evidently for my satisfaction, addressed him in the broadest Aberdonian dialect.

I must now return to the Fort of Bangalore, for it can tell us another old-world story, not uninteresting to Scotchmen. In an inner court of Tippoo's palace is a deep well, overshadowed by a large tulip-tree. It is now dry, and the dwelling-place of creeping things; but it was not so in Tippoo's days. From its depths were drawn up in rich abundance the cooling waters; and the beasts of burden that were told off to this duty were the English prisoners. There, to the amusement of the ladies of Tippoo's harem, as they looked down from their iron-barred window, the captive English officers were wont to trudge up and down the incline, as they alternately pulled up the full and let down the empty bucket. Among those officers, for many weary months, was to be seen the burly figure of young Sir David Baird. And not far from this well, in one of the deep dark gateways, is the cell where Sir David and his fellow-prisoners were for a time immured. When I looked into its dreary gloom, I remembered the caustic exclamation of Sir David's mother, when the news reached Scotland of her son's capture. Referring to the method in which prisoners were chained together, and to her son's well-known irascible temper, she exclaimed: 'God pity the lad that's tied to our Davie!'

It is pleasant to remember how kindly and mercifully this same noble, albeit fiery Scotchman afterwards behaved, when victory was his, to those very Mohammedan princes, who for four years had subjected him to cruelty in their dungeons at Bangalore and Seringapatam. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May 1799, Colonel Wellesley, who had attacked the latter place, reported that the breach in the walls was practicable. A storming-party composed of upwards of four thousand men, divided into two columns, were instructed, after entering the breach, to file to the right and left along the top of the rampart. The command was intrusted to Sir David Baird, who had been nearly four years

immured as a captive in the gloomy dungeons of that fortress which he was now about to enter as a conqueror. On the following morning, the troops destined for the assault were got into the trenches; and at the hour of noon they rushed into the breach and took Seringapatam by storm in an incredibly short space of time. Tippoo Sultan, pierced with four wounds, was found dead under a dark gateway of the fortress, where his flight had been stopped by a detachment of the twelfth regiment.

Major Allan was sent to inform the persons within the palace that if they surrendered immediately, their lives should be secured. He afterwards conducted the princes to the presence of General Baird, who had himself experienced the cruelty of their father. His mind, too, had been inflamed by a report, just then received, that Tippoo had murdered all the Europeans made prisoners during the siege. He was, however, sensibly affected by the sight of the princes; and his gallantry on the assault was not more conspicuous than the moderation and humanity which he on this occasion displayed. He received the princes with every mark of regard; repeatedly assured them that no violence or insult should be offered to them, and he gave them in charge of two officers to conduct them to headquarters in camp. They were escorted by a European guard, and the troops were ordered to pay them the compliment of presenting arms as they passed. Everywhere within and about the palace, evidence met the eye or ear of the depraved and sanguinary tastes of Tippoo. His name meant 'tiger'; he called his soldiers his tigers of war; and the tigers of the Indian jungles were his pets, and often his executioners; for the attendant that offended him, or the prisoner that was brought into his presence, was not unfrequently turned into a barred room or large cage, where the savage animals were let loose upon him. Near the door of his treasury, an enormous tiger was found chained. There were other tigers in the edifice, and so numerous as to give some trouble to Colonel Wellesley.

The history and character of the son of Hyder were in a manner told by the barbarous big toy invented for his amusement, which was found in his palace, and which may now be seen in the library of the East India House, London. This rude automaton is a tiger, killing and about to devour a European, who lies prostrate under the savage beast. There is likewise in the palace of the Rajah of Mysore another automaton figure of a tiger, life-size, so set on springs, that Tippoo could make it leap and light on the person of any unsuspecting visitor, who of course imagined that he was assailed by a living tiger, to the great merriment of the monarch. As evidences still extant of the wild cruelty of this Sultan, I may mention that at Nundidroog, a fortified hill near to Bangalore, there is a huge projecting rock, five hundred feet above the underlying valley, which is called 'Tippoo's Drop,' as over it he was wont to hurl his prisoners; and in the dungeons of the fortress, which are naturally-formed caves, are still to be traced, engraven on the rock, as by rusty nails, the names of English and Scotch soldiers.

Looking out from the ramparts of the Bangalore Fort, we get an excellent view of the old city, with its low, flat-roofed houses and its narrow

streets, with innumerable palm-trees, whose stems rise up tall, slender, branchless, until, from their towering tops hang down their graceful foliage and clustering fruits. The principal street of the *pettah* or town stretches from the Fort gate, and is about a mile in length. During early morning, and after the heat of the day is gone, this street is as crowded as the Trongate of Glasgow. To be sure, it is not so wide, nor are its houses on both sides so imposing, but yet it is a very busy scene, full of great interest, and not devoid of the picturesque. It is peculiarly Eastern; and perhaps its aspect to-day is little different from what it was centuries ago, long before the name and rule of England were known in India. For Bangalore was an old city, even when it was surrendered to Hyder Ali by the native prince, who had not the power to resist the might of the usurper. And under the wise and judicious rule of Hyder, Bangalore increased in importance and wealth, and attained a pre-eminence in the manufacture of silks and carpetings.

Of course, when war broke out it had its evil days; its very riches made it the coveted prey to needy friend and plundering foe. When Tippoo Saib wanted money—and it is to be feared that was not a rare occurrence—he did not, as our Chancellor does, increase the Income Tax, or make us pay for the luxury of handling a gun or keeping a dog; that was altogether too slow a process for Tippoo. He wanted money, and forthwith money must be had. The demand admitted of no delay; so, in his extremity he was wont to surround the city of Bangalore with his troops, and holding over the inhabitants the threat of instant plundering, he so fleeced them, that the very women were obliged to part with their most trifling ornaments. But luckily, Tippoo Saib was slain, and the Company reigned in his stead; and under the latter's peaceful and benign rule, Bangalore very soon arose from the dust, put off her sackcloth and ashes, and once more clothed herself with prosperity and riches.

Bangalore is now a more thriving and more important city than ever it was, and its inhabitants form a large, industrious, and on the whole wealthy community. The most important articles of manufacture are silks, cloths, and carpets; for the production of all of which Bangalore has earned a wide reputation throughout India. Thus, under British rule, and stimulated by British enterprise, this Indian city is flourishing. And yet so strangely perverse is human nature, there are to be found not a few of those intelligent Hindus who sigh for the 'good old times,' and do not hesitate to say to us: 'All very well, Sahib, but oh, give us back our old Raj!' It is difficult to make the Hindus grateful to us, and it is almost an impossibility to make them love us. There is a breach that cannot easily be spanned between the conquerors and the conquered, between the white-faced strangers and the dark natives of the soil. We are giving to them, almost without money and without price, the splendid trophies of our scientific research; we are making them the sharers of our commercial enterprise and wealth; we are educating them in our best and purest knowledge; and yet I feel, and every Anglo-Indian feels, that there is a mighty chasm between the Hindu mind and ours, between their sympathies and ours. Still, we will not despair.

There are evidences of a day of better things; and prejudices, bigotries, social barriers are being gradually beaten down by advancing intelligence.

MY NEW FRIEND.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ACTING upon our friend's advice, and overborne perhaps by his energy, we told Lizzie to ask the applicant into the room in which we were seated, which, bad as it was, was by far the most presentable part of the house. The stranger was heard descending the stairs slowly, and apparently with caution; then he presented himself at the open door, and, in obedience to my invitation, entered and took a seat. He looked round slowly upon us, and then, fixing a large double eyeglass upon his nose, looked again. He was a stout man, apparently about sixty years of age, for his hair was gray, his whiskers quite white, and though at one time he must have been of powerful frame, he was now evidently somewhat feeble, as we could judge by the manner in which he seated himself and groaned slightly as he did so.

'I am sorry to intrude upon you at this time of the evening, madam,' he began; 'but I noticed the bill in your window a few days ago, when I was in this neighbourhood. As I must reside somewhere in this vicinity, I should have called earlier; but I was not quite certain that an old friend could not accommodate me. I find now that he cannot do so, so have ventured to trouble you at this unusual hour.'

'Ah! I am afraid, sir, that an unfortunate change has put it out of my power to offer you suitable apartments,' I replied. 'To be frank, sir, I have now not enough furniture for myself, instead of being able to spare any for my lodgers.' While I had been speaking, the old gentleman had dropped his eyeglass, and now, ere replying, he felt about for it in a helpless way, which would have been laughable if it had not been somewhat pitiful too. Adjusting it to his eyes again, he looked at us for a moment, then said: 'I don't want furnished apartments. I ought to have explained that at first. I have not long come home from abroad; and my only daughter, with whom I have been staying, has now gone with her husband to Australia; leaving me a little furniture, in case I like to keep on the house. But I don't like it; it won't suit me at all. I want a quiet lodging with a small family, where I can furnish my two rooms; taking my meals by myself, or with the family, as I please. I am a quiet person, I think, rather an invalid, but no trouble; and I am willing to pay you rent for my rooms, and thirty shillings a week for my board.' His eyeglass tumbled down once more, and while he was fumbling for it—for he did not seem able to do anything without it—Scate nudged me with his elbow, and gave a knowing wink.—'I thought it best to explain that I cannot afford very high terms, madam,' continued the old gentleman, addressing my wife, 'in order to save discussion. I have made a memo. of two other addresses which may suit, but should prefer to close without further trouble, as, being an invalid, I do not care about much worry. There is my card. He handed to Mr

Scate, who sat nearest to him, a card, from which the latter read aloud, 'Mr Daniel Chelps,' and then passed it to me.

'Mr Chelps,' exclaimed Scate, as if struck with a sudden thought, 'allow me to offer you some refreshment.' Mr Chelps, turning his head a little towards him, said: 'Will you please to speak a trifle louder, sir? I am unfortunately a little hard of hearing.'

Scate loudly repeated his invitation; it was easier for him to speak loudly than in a subdued key.

'No, sir—no, sir!' returned the other with a sad smile. 'You have brandy there, I think, and the doctors won't allow me to touch anything but sherry.'

'Then, it's just the thing!' cried Scate; 'for this is sherry, and the best you'll find within five miles from this place, I'll bet.'

The old gentleman sipped the wine, smacked his lips approvingly, and said: 'And now, sir, we will proceed to business.—I do not see, madam, that the misfortune to which Mr Matley has alluded need make any difference in my plans. I am an old man, as you see, and merely want to be comfortable. I want, as I have said, to live where I can either mix with the family, or shut myself up in my own room, just as I please. I shall give no trouble; and though I cannot afford more than I said, my money is safe. I want to settle my plans to-night; and I must honestly own, that from some little information which I obtained in my first inquiries, a week or so back, I should prefer to come here to anywhere else I have heard of, believing I should be more comfortable.'

Finding him still willing to go on with the negotiations, I at once declared my anxiety to obtain a tenant, and although he asked a few questions, Mr Chelps made no difficulties, and it was arranged that he should take up his quarters with us on the following day. The effect of the sherry upon him was to open out his heart; for he grew so loquacious and discursive, that with very little encouragement he would have told us all about his married daughter who had gone to Australia; about the late Mrs Chelps, on whose worth he dilated, and to whose memory he wiped his eyes; and would, I believe, have furnished us with complete biographies of every relative he had ever possessed. We got rid of him chiefly through the tact of Mr Scate, who declared he was going to the street through which ran the omnibus the old gentleman wished to catch, and he offered his company, which the other very eagerly accepted.

Mr Chelps having no friends in the vicinity whom he cared about troubling in the matter, gave us the name of a firm somewhere down by the Docks as referees. I say 'somewhere down;' for I did not take the trouble, as I ought to have done, of going there to make the proper inquiries. He had done business with them, he said; and they had known him, at home and abroad, for years. He insisted on paying a deposit; and while he was settling this with my wife, and she was writing down the address of his reference, which was rather a tedious affair, as Mr Chelps's memory for names and addresses

did not appear to be very good, Mr Scate seized the opportunity of saying a few words in an under-tone to me.

'This is a lift!' he said. 'You have let your place, and let it well too, I consider, to an old fellow with no wife or relative to bother you or give trouble. Didn't I tell you your luck would turn?—and here it's turning like the tide. Tell your good little wife to keep up her spirits. I shall be round to-morrow night, and I expect to see my friends between this and then. I am sure to have something to tell you; and while you are waiting, if a five-pound note is of any service to you, it is ready at a moment's notice.—Coming, sir!—quite ready.' This was in answer to Mr Chelps; and then the two left the room and the house together; Mr Scate turning at the last moment to favour us with a grin full of meaning.

It may be guessed that Susan and I sat up for some little time talking over the strange and unexpected events of the night; of our good fortune in securing such a lodger; and what a good thing, too, it was that he had not come a few days earlier, when he would have been subject to all the annoyance and turmoil of the sale. We could manage now, poor Susan thought, especially if I could contrive to obtain some employment, which I seemed likely to do through the disinterested kindness of Mr Scate. This latter recollection of course started another subject of conversation, and we could hardly say enough in praise of him. Yet it was plain we had each a secret but very real dislike to the man, which we sought to smother by continual laudation of him. It would have been ungrateful in the highest degree to utter a word which could reflect anything but praise of him—so we did not say it; but we found out that each thought unfavourably of him all the same.

Well, the morning came; and punctually at the time he had named, came Mr Chelps also, closely followed by a small van-load of furniture. We were pleased to see that this furniture was all in good condition; was, in fact, almost or quite new, so bright and shining was everything. He explained, on our remarking upon this, that his married daughter who had gone to Australia, had furnished some rooms entirely for him, just before she knew she was going, and that her departure was very sudden. He was as chatty as before, having a nice sympathising way, which won very much upon Susan, who was greatly taken with him.

The deposit he had left in my wife's hands had enabled us to purchase one or two necessities, and even luxuries; and in the evening Mr Chelps joined us at tea, and was so cheerful in his conversation, and so full of queer little anecdotes, that he quite led us away from our own troubles, until he brought them back by asking, but in a very nice way too, what I thought of doing in the future. I told him that so far as my own resources and influence were concerned, I had little prospect of doing any good, but that a friend—an entirely new friend, indeed—Mr Scate, the gentleman whom he had seen on the previous evening, had most generously, most unexpectedly come forward, and had almost obtained the promise of a situation for me. As in duty bound, Susan and I here broke into praise

of Mr Scate, and told how he had been an entire stranger, and how he was the only one who showed anything like a kindly feeling towards us.

While I was talking, and while Susan was talking, Mr Chelps listened with great intentness; but it was difficult to avoid a smile when I saw him put up his double eyeglass, as though he listened with it; and then, when it fell off, as it was continually doing, the helpless way in which he would grope about for it, was more comical still. We raised our voices at first when speaking to him; but he told us there was no occasion for this with us, as, when persons spoke clearly and distinctly, he could hear them much better than he could those who bawled at him. He was very much interested in our account of Mr Scate, in whom he declared he had taken an interest at first sight.

Very soon after this, the latter's loud knock was heard; and then Mr Scate was immediately shown in. Mr Chelps rose as he entered, and after a very friendly bow to the visitor, said to us: 'I shall be down again in a few minutes, Mr Matley, when, if you will allow me, I will sit for half-an-hour and have a chat with Mr Scate and yourselves.' Of course we all said we should be much pleased if he would join us, Mr Scate probably being the most emphatic of the three; and the old gentleman toddled slowly up-stairs.

Scate listened to his retreating footsteps with a knowing look, until he was satisfied Mr Chelps was out of hearing; then turning to us with the grin and wink so customary with him, said: 'You've got the old boy all right then?—You will always recollect, Mrs Matley, that I said at the first moment "he would do." My wife assured him she should always remember this; and then Mr Scate proposed that we should sit down and talk business.

He at once said he had seen the friends from whom he hoped so much, and that they were quite willing to engage me, so that I might expect to hear from them in a few days. If I did join them, I should find it somewhat better than drudging on in a miserable office as clerk. His friends did not go in much for clerks—no, no; that was not their game. On hearing this, I naturally inquired in what 'their game,' as he styled it, consisted; but although he launched out into copious praise of their liberality, and admiration of their extensive transactions, I could not understand what kind of business they carried on, or what particular situation I was likely to fill. Yet he kept on talking about the firm, and congratulating me upon my good fortune in securing a position with them, and glancing at the confidence they reposed in him, as shown by their accepting a stranger on his recommendation, until I heard Mr Chelps's slow lumbering step approaching.

I called his attention to this, and said that we perhaps had better go up-stairs into the parlour, dismantled as it was, for a short time, in order that we might for a few minutes more speak uninterruptedly. Scate reflected for an instant, then exclaimed: 'O no. Never mind the old fellow! I shan't say anything that I don't want him to hear. I shan't let him know too much, believe me. Besides, he is rather good fun, and I like to watch him.—Hush! here

he is. Ha! Mr Chelms,' he cried, with an assumption of the heartiest good-fellowship, as the old gentleman entered the room, 'how are you now?'

Mr Chelms, as he came in, answered the salutation frankly; and then Mr Scate proceeded to repeat the information he had just given to us. While Mr Scate was telling all this to Mr Chelms, my wife left us, to superintend Lizzie in her domestic operations.

Mr Chelms's mind still ran on my affairs; and as the evening wore on, he plied Mr Scate with very direct questions, such as I much wished to ask, but lacked the courage to do. Mr Scate was at first as vague with him as he had been with me; but under the pressure of the old gentleman's repeated inquiries, he eventually explained that his friends were 'general agents and miscellaneous merchants,' who bought and sold all kinds of goods for all markets, home and foreign. Anything, anywhere, they would buy if it were cheap and saleable; and would sell at the smallest profit to do business quickly. That, their business being rather peculiar, they preferred to conduct it by agents on whom they could rely—'Such as our friend here, Mr Matley,' he said—to having a central office, as other merchants did. They always bought for ready-money, which gave them a command of the market, so far as needy vendors were concerned, so that they could often obtain goods at much less than the cost of production. This applied as much to foreign manufacturers as to English. When they gave short bills to foreigners, they would always discount them themselves if required. They reckoned on a dividend of forty per cent. every year.'

The eyes of Mr Chelms twinkled and glistened more than ever as he listened to this, until finally he said, that the idea seemed so good, so feasible, and so profitable, that having a great deal of time on his hands, and some spare capital by him, he was more than half inclined to set on foot something of the kind himself. At this Mr Scate's eyes twinkled and glistened even more than those of the old gentleman, and he said that, with his influence, it was not impossible but that Mr Chelms might be admitted to take a small share in this very business. 'A most difficult thing to be done, I assure you,' said he; 'for they won't look at outsiders as a rule—turn away thousands after thousands every year, that people are almost going down on their knees and asking them to take. Yet, with my recommendation, perhaps— But how much could you invest?' he said abruptly.

'Not a great deal—not more than eleven or twelve hundred pounds, which, by-the-by, is already invested,' returned Chelms, who seemed by his tone to admit the contemptible smallness of the sum he spoke of. 'All the rest is in houses, with a few ground-rents.'

'Well, never mind; I will see what I can do about it,' returned Scate. 'When can you get at your money? I ask, because I know they are making a lot of purchases, so now will be the time.'

'As soon as you please after the first of next month,' replied Chelms. 'That is not very far off.—What name did you say your firm's was?'

It was certain that Mr Scate had not mentioned any name; and he advised the old gentle-

man not to go any further with his inquiries at present, until he knew whether there would be any chance of his money being used. But Chelms by this time was in no mood to be put off or evaded, and he determined to have their names, if only to wish success to the venture.

'Bunner, Wreggs, and Carrowble, that's them,' said Mr Scate at last; and then he went on to explain that the time named by Mr Chelms was the most auspicious he could possibly have chosen for his money to be accepted, and this being the case, he would not lose a day in breaking the matter to his firm.

This so delighted Mr Chelms, that he insisted upon our having a friendly glass of something hot, which was immediately sent for, and actually proposed to sing a song, on condition that Mr Scate would help in the chorus. This the latter unhesitatingly promised to do; and Mr Chelms began *My Pretty Jane*, and sang it through, while Mr Scate repeated the last part of each verse in conjunction with him, as a chorus! Anything more awful in the way of singing I never heard; I should think nothing more awful ever was heard. Then, after a little more discussion of business matters, Mr Scate left, with many a shake of the hand from Mr Chelms, and protestations of the warmest friendship on both sides.

I think I have said that Mr Chelms's conversation was on this evening more than usually cheerful and interesting; but directly Mr Scate had left, he seemed to fall back into his natural manner. Noticing this, I did not find my liking for Mr Scate increased; in fact, it was as much as I could do to avoid thoroughly disrelishing him, in spite of the benefit he was conferring upon me and the trouble he was taking in my behalf.

TEA AND SILK FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE articles on the above subject, which appeared in this *Journal* on March 19, July 23, and August 20, 1881, seem to have created interest both at home and abroad. Many people have cheerfully, and even enthusiastically accepted the tea and silk enterprise as one well suited to the age and locality. It has also occurred to the Councils of two of our learned Societies that an impetus might be given to the movement one way or other, if papers on the subject were read before their members, or contributed to the pages of their Transactions. Accordingly, on the 31st of January, this year, the Society of Arts, London, listened to and discussed an essay; and in April the annual volumes of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland (Edinburgh) contained a contribution on the same topic.

Among the encouraging symptoms which the proposed enterprise has elicited, it may not prove uninteresting to allude to one or two. By a New Zealand newspaper, the *Thames Advertiser* of January 28, we are informed that at a public meeting held in the north of Auckland it was decided to form a joint-stock Company to commence silk-culture in that district on a commercial scale, and that four hundred shares were subscribed for in the room. Elsewhere, according to the *Colonies and India* of

February 24 and May 12, another enterprising section of the colonists had turned their attention to tea-cultivation. The Auckland Acclimatisation Society had engaged a practical tea-grower to experiment, with the gratifying result, that 'the tea brewed from the leaves was tasted by connoisseurs and pronounced refreshing and of fairly good quality.' Referring to silk, the same authority says: 'Sericulture is certain to prove a profitable pursuit if machinery is ever introduced to utilise the raw silk. The climate is suitable for rearing the worms, while the white mulberry-tree grows luxuriantly. Many thousand silk-worms are reared annually in Auckland for mere pleasure, and if the pursuit were made profitable, an extensive industry would soon spring up; but at present there is no market for the disposal of the cocoons. There cannot therefore be any doubt about the success of sericulture.'

So far, apparently, the good seed sown by this and other journals has taken root in New Zealand; although the colonists, unfortunately, have evidently missed or overlooked the vital point formerly so strenuously dwelt upon, of lessening or spreading the expense of labour by conducting the two industries together on the same farm, by much the same set of workpeople, and under the same chief management. On this all-important feature, another paper, the *New Zealand Times* of January 12, prints the views of a correspondent with Indian experience, who says: 'In the Kangra Valley, the silk season happens just at the tea-planter's slack time, and therefore silk-rearing may be undertaken without clashing with the interests of the tea-plantations, and might indeed help these, by keeping the labour together. Add to these two considerations this other, that tea, as a rule, requires shade, and that the mulberry does the tea underneath it no harm, and we have a combination which ought to render the spread of cultivation for silk-rearing as rapid as it is profitable.'

Probably as interesting and auspicious circumstances as any which have occurred in support of this advocacy have arisen from the greatly improved attitude and bearing of the Maoris since their troublesome agitators were shut up in prison a few months ago. It appears that the New Zealand Premier, in the course of a recent provincial tour, stopped at Ohinimutu, where the Maoris were assembled in large numbers, and their leaders addressed him for two hours on the subject of their educational requirements. They wished the establishment of schools where their boys might be taught European trades. Another most pleasing reminiscence, the significance of which can hardly be overrated, was the receipt, a few weeks ago, by the writer, of a letter from a Maori chief, the Hon. Hone Mohi Tawhai, M.P. Some little time ago, the details of the enterprise in question had been sent to this native gentleman, with the view of eliciting an expression of opinion. His reply conveyed assurances of his gratification at the efforts being made to promote the establishment of tea, silk, and the other subsidiary industries, in his native province of Auckland; he referred to the growing habits of diligence he had observed among his countrymen, and their aptitude to learn whatever they might be taught; and expressed his desire to aid and assist the proposed undertaking in every

way. That the recognition and influence of Mr Tawhai should react with the happiest effect upon the other Maoris in Auckland will seem highly probable, when it is mentioned that his speech on September 6, 1881, in the House of Representatives, at the discussion of the Representation Bill, was pronounced by the *Dunedin Morning Herald* to be 'one of the most vigorous and characteristic ever given by a Maori member of parliament.'

Old colonists settled in this country scarcely need to be reminded, and our readers will feel pleased to learn, that it was the father of Mr Tawhai, in conjunction with another native of rank, who, on a critical occasion during our New Zealand military troubles, assisted the British army by collecting six hundred of their followers, and at their own expense armed, ammunitioned, clothed, fed, and even paid the men, and successfully marched them against the rebels. Living in more peaceful times, when the tongue and pen have partially blunted the sword, the loyalty of the father has been inherited by the son; and it will not be surprising if this important ally should speedily have it in his power to do more for the promotion of tea and silk culture in New Zealand than all the other influences which have hitherto been invoked.

CONNUBIAL TRIBULATION.

'VEN you're a married man, Samivel,' says Mr Weller to his son Sam, 'you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's vorth while going through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't.' It is somewhat sad to find a philosopher of the senior Mr Weller's profundity undervaluing in this way the teachings of experience. That matrimony is a great teacher, no reasonable man will attempt to dispute. We have it on the authority of a widower who was thrice married, that his first wife cured his romance, the second taught him humility, and the third made him a philosopher. Another veteran believes that five or six years of married life will often reduce a naturally irascible man to so angelic a condition that it would hardly be safe to trust him with a pair of wings. A third declares that it requires the experience of a husband and father who coldly walks through the small-hours with a crying baby, while the mother inquires at half-hour intervals why he can't keep it quiet, before a man can bring himself to look forward hopefully and cheerfully to another and a better world.

The wisest policy, when you have caught a tartar, is to make the best of a bad bargain, and if you can't get the upper hand, do as Old Mother Hubbard did when she found the cupboard empty — 'accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness.' It may even be politic to dissemble a little, and pretend you rather enjoy it than otherwise.

Whatever you do, don't appeal to the girl's friends for comfort or consolation. They will only laugh at you. Take warning from the unfortunate young man who, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, exclaimed: 'You are right, sir; she is an impertinent jade; and if I hear any more complaints of her, I will disinherit her.'

Equally vain was the appeal for sympathy which another unfortunate Benedick made not long ago—this time to the public at large. He was a citizen of Birmingham, and he wrote to a local paper in bitter resentment against the modern rage for higher education in women. Twenty years ago, he said, he had married a paragon of intellectual excellence. The lady had 'done wonders in high education,' and considered herself equal to any 'in high art.' But she had not condescended to make herself acquainted with such mean matters as the prices of provisions and the ordering of a household. As for paying a visit to the kitchen, she would as soon think of herself ordering the meat from that unesthetic emporium the butcher's shop. The result of all this, wailed the wretched husband, was that 'so far as comfort goes, I might just as well have been sold for a canal boat-horse; for while I am congratulated on the gem I possess, I am made sensible of the burden it involves.' Of course this remarkable letter was everywhere regarded as a highly entertaining production, and was made the sport of facetious paragraphists all over the country.

A good deal of matrimonial tribulation was brought to light in the last census returns. Several husbands returned their wives as the heads of the families, and one described himself as an idiot for having married his literal better-half. 'Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it,' was returned in two cases; and in quite a number of instances 'Temper' was entered under the head of infirmities opposite the name of the wife. Confessions of this sort, besides being, as we have already hinted, somewhat indiscreet, are often also decidedly supererogatory, for conjugal dissensions, like murder, will out, and that sometimes in the most provoking and untimely manner. Take an illustration. At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: 'Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?' 'For luck, dear,' replied one of the bridesmaids. 'And why,' again asked the child, 'doesn't she throw them back?' 'Oh,' said the young lady, 'that would be rude.' 'No, it wouldn't,' persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by: 'ma does.'

Connubial bickerings would often prove extremely amusing to a disinterested spectator. In *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, Douglas Jerrold has presented us with some very entertaining illustrations of the 'counsels many, sweet (?) and

precious,' besides 'the sage advices,' which the dutiful wife bestows upon her erring lord and master. Poor Caudle, as a rule, thought discretion the better part of valour, and sought refuge in the arms of soothing slumber; but all men are not of such unheroic mould or docile temperament, and do not allow their wives to have it all their own way, without at least an occasional protest. 'Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?' said an enraged wife to her husband. 'Well, no,' he replied deliberately; 'our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours.'

In matters of controversy, however, the woman usually has the best of it. A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with ladies, because in spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up. The above retort might be matched by a dozen others culled from domestic controversy, in which the woman has come off triumphant. 'Really, my dear,' said a friend of ours to his better-half, 'you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste.' 'Then, my love,' was the reply, 'console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and in this case will stick to you as long as you live.' 'See here,' said a fault-finding husband; 'we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept.' 'With all my heart,' sweetly answered his wife; 'and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept.' He let things run on as usual. It is not often, however, that one comes across such a crushing retort as that which a Sheffield husband received from his wife the other day, through the medium of the public press. He advertised in one of the local journals that he, Thomas A—, would no longer be answerable for the debts incurred by his wife, who seems to have been a truly amiable creature, if one may judge from the advertisement which she published next day in reply: 'This is to notify that I, Elizabeth A—, am able to pay all my own debts, now that I have got shut of Tommy.'

Some husbands would be obliged to confess, if they told the plain unvarnished truth, that when they led their wives to the altar, their leadership came to an end. 'Your future husband seems very exacting: he has been stipulating for all sorts of things,' said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. 'Never mind, mamma,' said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; 'these are his last wishes.' This is a complete reversal of the rule laid down by the old couplet:

Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey.
Wives are our heart; we should be head alway.

In many instances, the state of the case is rather something like the following: 'If I'm not home from the party to-night by ten o'clock,' says the husband to his better and bigger half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' replies the lady significantly; 'I won't wait, but I'll come for you.' He is home at ten precisely.

Matrimonial dissension now and again culminates in the flight of one or other of the contending parties. A Frenchman, living in Louisiana, amused his neighbours by telling them how, when his wife deserted him in this way, he got her back without further trouble. 'Did I run after her and beg her to come back?' he dramatically asked. 'No; I did not run after her. I zhust publish in ze papaire zat I have drawn fifty tousand dollaire in ze lottery, and she vas back much quicker as no time.' There may even be some husbands, however, who would rather encourage than seek to combat or deprecate such a determination on the part of their wives. An ancient epigram tells us of 'a scholar newly entered marriage life,' who, 'following his study, did offend his wife.' The lady bitterly complains that her lord should love his books more than her society, and wishes she could be transformed into a book such as he loved to read.

Husband (quoth she), what book's form should I take?
Marry (said he), 'twere best an almanacke,
The reason wherefore I do wish thee so
Is, every year we have a new, you know.

The green-eyed monster is responsible for much conjugal misery; and jealousy, as everybody knows, is often at fault, finding constant proof of its suspicions in the most innocent circumstances. Here is an amusing case in point. A French lady who was jealous of her husband, determined to watch his movements. One day, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather overdressed lady. Blinded with rage and jealousy, she fancied it was her husband, and without pausing for a moment to consider, bounced suddenly up to him and gave him three or four stinging boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round, she discovered her mistake, and at the same moment caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was now crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman she had attacked; while the other lady moved away, to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding to know what he meant by embracing that lady. 'Why, sir, she boxed my ears, and then fainted,' exclaimed the innocent victim. 'She is my wife,' shouted the angry husband, 'and would never have struck you without good cause.' Worse than angry words would probably have followed, had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it had all happened.

Why is there so much connubial tribulation in the world? Many reasons might be stated. Dean Swift says the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. But it is manifestly absurd and unfair to saddle all the blame upon the wives in this way. George Eliot tells us that marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest; and it is undoubtedly true that much of the matrimonial discord that exists arises from the mutual struggle for supre-

macy. They go to church and say 'I will,' and then, perhaps on the way home, one or other says 'I won't,' and that begins it. Some one has said that conjugal affection largely depends on mutual confidence. A friend of ours quoted this sentiment the other day in the smoking-room, and added that he made it a rule to tell his wife everything that happened, and in this way they avoided any misunderstanding. 'Well, sir,' remarked another gentleman present, not to be outdone in generosity, 'you are not so open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a good many things that never happen.' 'Oh!' exclaimed a third, 'I am under no necessity to keep my wife informed regarding my affairs. She can find out five times as much as I know myself without the least trouble.'

As good an account of the matter as any is that of Max Adeler. 'The secret of conjugal felicity,' he says, 'is contained in this formula: demonstrative affection and self-sacrifice. A man should not only love his wife dearly, but he should tell her he loves her, and tell her very often, and each should be willing to yield, not once or twice, but constantly, and as a practice, to the other. . . . Selfishness, my dear, crushes out love; and most of the couples who are living without affection for each other, with cold and dead hearts, with ashes where there should be a bright and holy flame, have destroyed themselves by caring too much for themselves, and too little for each other.'

THE RAVINE.

A HUNTING EXPERIENCE IN INDIA.

THE following adventure happened whilst a friend and I were staying at the pretty village of S—, famous for its pictures and temples. The village lies as it were in a dent of the hills, for they rise on all sides far above it, and are intersected with numerous rocky ravines, infested with tigers, panthers, &c. In the wildest and steepest of these, that ran down between the hills close to the village, a tiger had taken up his quarters, and prowling forth at night, used to kill and carry off the cattle of the villagers. When we inquired if any brave shikaree ever attempted to shoot it, we were told that it was a sacred tiger, being protected by Cāmackria, the presiding goddess of the largest temple of the village; and that it was preferable to suffer the losses caused by its ravages, than to commit the impiety of attempting to kill it, for some terrible calamity would be certain to happen to its slayer.

My friend and I thought differently; so when, next morning, we were informed of a fresh depredation that the animal had committed the previous night, we determined to attempt its destruction. Guided by some of the natives, we went to see the carcass of the bullock, which the tiger had dragged into this very ravine. Close by the carcass there were some trees, and we quickly made our arrangements. We erected a strong platform—called by the natives a *machan*

—in a neighbouring tree; and on this, the following evening, my friend and I took up our quarters, patiently awaiting the tiger's appearance. As we thought it useless for both of us to keep awake, we arranged that I should watch till midnight, and my friend from then till dawn.

During my watch, nothing occurred. The only objects I saw were the waving branches of neighbouring trees, and the gleam of the fireflies as they flashed through these shadows. The only sounds I heard were the clang of the cymbals and the beat of tom-toms, that rose from the valley below as a procession of villagers proceeded to the temple of their goddess, to beseech from her the boon of rain. Now the howls of the worshippers grow less, as the chanted charm of their priest arises; and now, under its strange powers, the cries of the fanatics cease, while the notes of the tom-tom throb pulse-like in the beat of its rhythm. Now the song ceases below, and its last notes have echoed and died in the distant clefts of neighbouring valleys; and then the only sounds heard are the cries of the jackal and the screech of some night-bird.

Towards midnight, the breeze lightens, then dies away; then gradually, through this midnight calm, a sense of dim terror steals over me, and I shiver in the chill of an indefinable dread.

Midnight has long passed, when I awake my companion, and then, after a pull at the flask, I settle myself for a nap. I hardly seem to have closed my eyes, when I am aroused by the grip of my friend. On my asking what he saw, he said that he felt unaccountably oppressed and nervous; and he expressed a wish for me to keep watch along with him. I agreed at once. As we sit waiting, I feel my feet are getting benumbed, and in spite of all my efforts, I cannot bring back the circulation. The sensation of deadness is also affecting my legs. My friend says he is suffering in the same way. Gradually my arms grow powerless, and I am unable to raise the gun at my side, and now even my neck stiffens. All my body, indeed, seems paralysed. At that moment, a crashing of sticks in the neighbouring bushes tells the approach of some animal. Louder the sound grows, and presently the bushes part and the head of the tiger is thrust forth, then his whole body, and he proceeds to his unmolested repast. With the sound of crunching bones in my ears, a deadening sensation seizes my brain, and I become insensible.

When my friend and I recovered consciousness, we were being looked after in the house of the headman of the village of S—. He told us that at daybreak a party of villagers had ascended the ravine, and finding us insensible, had immediately carried us to his house. And he ended by asking us whether we now believed in the power of the goddess and in the invulnerability of her tiger.

Before leaving the village, we revisited the ravine, and found our *machan* rested upon two trees growing close together, one of which was of a poisonous character. To the exhalations of this tree, when the breeze died away, I fancy we owe the state of coma that I have described, and the long subsequent illness, which prevented us from again attempting the slaughter of the tiger.

NATURE'S RAIN RECORD.

The rings which are clearly noticeable on the transverse section of timber correspond, as is well known, to the years of the tree's growth. These rings differ considerably in their width, and this variation is considered to correspond to a greater or less rainfall, the rings being widest in years of maximum rainfall. Dr R. E. C. Stearns has recently proposed to the California Academy of Sciences to institute a series of systematic observations of the rings of felled timber at various points along the Pacific coast, believing that from the aggregation of data obtained by this means, deductions as to the rainfall in past years, long before meteorological records were kept, might be made, the chief use of which would be to show how far years of maximum rainfall recurred in cycles.

THE CHILD-FACE.

At morn or eve, where'er I go,
In crowded streets or breezy hill,
In summer rains or winter snow,
A wistful Child-face haunts me still.

When all my life is out of tune,
And sorrow spreads her cheerless night,
It breaks forth like a gracious moon,
And gilds my gloomy clouds with light.

On the dull labours of the day
A glory-beam it seems to pour;
Forbids all wild thoughts when I pray,
And makes them purer than before.

I know not when I saw the Face;
I wist not how or whence it came;
Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,
It haunts and follows me the same.

Was it a vision gave it birth,
Or some chance memory that I keep?
Is it a habitant of earth,
Or but a dream-child born of sleep?

I cannot paint its form in words;
Its wondrous grace I cannot sing,
No more than can the April birds
Lay bare the mystery of spring.

I feel that Face will never go
As long as I draw living breath;
'Twill be my guiding star below,
And then 'twill beacon me in death.

Perchance when I have crossed the stream,
And stand upon the holy hill,
I'll find 'twas truer than a dream,
That dear Child-face, which haunts me still.

F. G. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.